



THE BEGINNING OF TOMORROW!

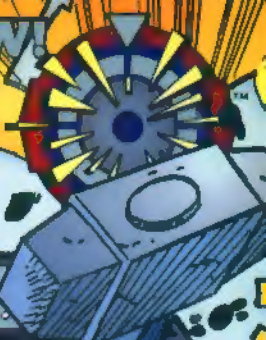


0
\$1.50 US
\$2.10 CAN
70p UK
OCT 94

L. SIMONSON
BATISTA
FABER



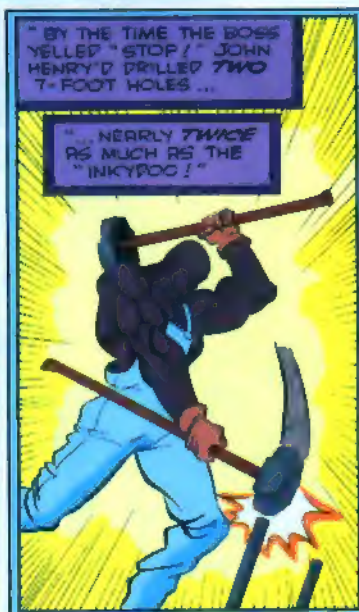
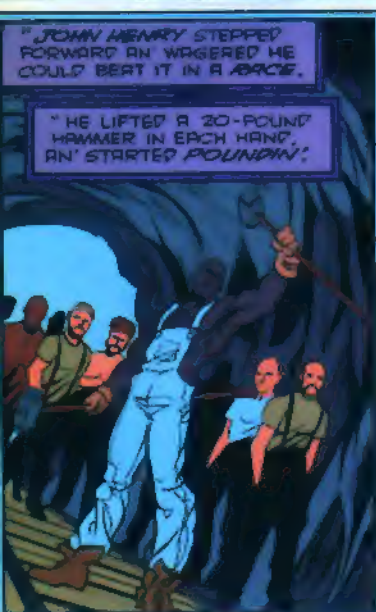
STEEL



DIRECT SALES 00011

7 61941 20176 4

BATISTA-JANKE



STEEL 0, October, 1994. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **STEEL**, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate \$18.00. Canadian subscribers must add \$8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add \$8.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1994 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper.

DC Comics, A Division of Warner Bros.—A Time Warner Entertainment Company

JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief • PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher • JOE ORLANDO, VP-Creative Director • TOM BALLOU, VP-Advertising • BRUCE BRISTOW, VP-Sales & Marketing • PATRICK CALDON, VP-Finance & Operations • TERRY DUNNIGHAN, Managing Editor • CHANTAL D'AULNE, VP-Business Affairs • LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel • SEYMOUR MILES, VP-Associate Publisher • BOB ROZAKIS, Executive Director Production

"...AND BECOME
THE MACHINE'S
MASTER."

"BUT, GRANDPA,
HOW CAN I DO
THAT?"

"WELL NOW, SON, THINGS
YOU WANNA DO... BIG
THINGS, WILL ALWAYS LOOK
PRETTY NEAR IMPOSSIBLE,
IF YOU TRY TO TAKE 'EM
IN ALL AT ONCE."

IF THE BILL
PASSES THE
HOUSE, BRAZIL
WILL EXPRESS
INTEREST IN
BARTERING
STORAGE OF
TOXIC WASTE...

...FOR LOW-
INTEREST
LOANS FROM
AMERICA.

THERE'LL
BE STRONG
OPPOSITION
IN RIO, AND
MAYBE I DON'T
BLAME--

WVRRRM

WHA--?!

IT'S
STEEL!
HE
STOPPED
THE
TRUCK!

"SO YOU TAKE IT SLOW,
MASTER ONE STEP AT
A TIME... LIKE TODAY."

"TODAY, YOU'RE
GONNA HELP ME FIX
THIS OLE JALOPY! YOU'LL LEARN FROM
THAT, AND TOMORROW..."

"...WHY, TOMORROW,
THERE'S NO TELLING
WHAT YOU MIGHT
BE ABLE TO DO!"

IN THE
BEGINNING!

LOUISE SIMONSON: WRITER CHRIS BATISTA: PENCILLER

RICH FADER: INKER PAT BROSSEAU: LETTERER

GINA GONG: COLORIST FRANK PITTARESE: EDITOR

STEEL CREATED BY LOUISE SIMONSON AND JON BOGDANOV





MY
GUN!

HEY,
STEEL!
GLAD TA
SEE YA
AGAIN!

SPLIT!

SORRY
TO RAIN
ON YOUR
PARADE,
DUDE, BUT
THESE
LOSERS...

...ARE
'PORTIN'
OUT OF
HERE WITH
ME!

SENATOR
WEAVER?
WHAT WAS THAT
ALL ABOUT?

I ... DON'T
KNOW.
STANLEY
AND I WERE
CO-SPONSOR-
ING A BILL--

THERE WAS
OPPOSITION,
BUT WHY--?

I DON'T
KNOW WHY,
BUT I'M
PRETTY SURE
I KNOW
WHO.



STEEL'S ABILITIES COULD BE SUCH PROFITABLE ABILITIES.

SO WHY IS HE SO DETERMINED TO USE THEM FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD?

IT IS ODD, SHELLSHOCK, CONSIDERING HIS ORIGIN. IT'S ALL IN HIS AMERTEK DOSSIER...

MA! PA! I PITCHED A NO-HITTER! I--

MA!

STUFF'S MISSIN', SON. LOOKS LIKE A ROBBERY GONE BAD.

THAT TALENT YOU GOT WITH A BASEBALL'S GONNA TAKE YOU FAR, JOHN.

AND BLACK OR WHITE, BEST WAY ANY MAN CAN KEEP HIS FAMILY SAFE...

IT WASN'T A ROBBERY, SHERIFF. SOMEBODY KILLED 'EM 'CAUSE THEY WENT TO THAT MARCH.

IF ONLY I'D HURRIED HOME ... I MIGHTA SAVED 'EM.

...IS TO GET SO RICH AND POWERFUL NOBODY CAN TOUCH HIM.

AND YEARS LATER, HE WON A BASEBALL SCHOLARSHIP TO YALE...

...WHERE HE LEARNED THAT HIS ABILITY WITH PRO-JECTILES COULD BE TRANSLATED INTO THE SCIENCE CALLED BALLISTICS.

MY SUBSIDIARY RECRUITED HIM. AND HE DESIGNED THE PROTOTYPE FOR HIS ARMOR AT AMERTEK.

HE WENT TO LIVE WITH HIS PATERNAL GRANDPARENTS THEN.

HE BECAME RICH IF NOT POWERFUL, AND HIS FIRST PRIORITY HAS ALWAYS BEEN FAMILY.

"I CAN'T ALLOW
STEEL'S CONTINUED
INTERFERENCE
IN MY VENTURES."

"TAKE HIM, SHELLSHOCK...
BUT IF POSSIBLE, DO IT
AWAY FROM HIS FAMILY."

MMM MMM!
I CAN SMELL
THAT BARBECUE
ALL THE WAY UP
HERE!

"I WON'T INVOLVE THEM IN
THIS CONFLICT UNLESS I'M
FORCED TO..."

"...SINCE I MYSELF
HAVE EXPERIENCED
THE FRAGILITY
OF FAMILY."

AN' WITH ANY
LUCK, JOHNNY
HENRY'LL COME
BACK WITH
'EM.

THE
KIDS'LL BE
BACK SOON,
BUTTER.

THAT BOY
BOUGHT US THIS
HOUSE, BESS. AN'
MONEY HE INVESTED
PAYS THE TAXES.

"BE GOOD FOR HIM TO
KICK BACK A TAD..."

"...AN' EAT SOME
RIBS IN HIS OWN
BACK YARD."

HERE'S
WASHINGTON
GENERAL...

TYKE'S
PHYSICAL
THERAPY'S
PROBABLY
ABOUT OVER.

THINK I'LL
GET THIS
ARMOR
OFF...

...AND
CHECK ON
TYKE'S
PROGRESS
IN PERSON.

MAYBE
SAY HELLO
TO DR.
QUICK...



...AS
JOHN
MEN--

WHO--? IF

SHE WASN'T THERE
A SECOND AGO.
WHERE'D SHE COME
FROM?

THE NAME'S
SHELLSHOCK--
FOR OBVIOUS
REASONS!

WHILE THE
OTHERS
DISTRACT
HIM--

HEY,
STEEL!
BEHIND
YOU!

HARDSHELL'S
THE NAME, AND
POWER'S MY
GAME!

--I'LL TAKE
STEEL OUT AT
LASER-LIGHT
SPEED!

POW!

BTOW!

SPROW!

OW!
MAINLINE!
YOU
IDIOT!

STEEL KNOCKED
HARDSHELL INTO MY
PATH! AT LEAST HE'S
INVULNERABLE--

--OR I'D HAVE
BURNED A HOLE
IN HIS HIDE.

GOT TO REVERT
TO PHYSICAL FORM
IF I WANT TO STOP
HIM BEFORE I HIT THE MOON!

HARDSHELL'S
EVEN TOUGHER THAN
MY ARMOR.

THOOM!
THOOM!

MAYBE SOME
RIVETS IN HIS
FACE WILL KNOCK
HIM BACK!

MISSED
BLAST IT!

IT WORKED!
I'M FREE!

WHAT
NOW?

NOW
WE GO
AFTER
HIM!



IF Y-Y-YOU WANT TO HAVE A "DISCUSSION" WITH THIS STEEL, MISS BUNNY...

...YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY GOING TO HAVE TO W-W-WAIT IN *L.I.F.E.*

YOU'RE RIGHT, JITTER. BUT HE'LL *SURVIVE* THIS CONFLICT, TOO.

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, JOHN HENRY IRONS ALWAYS LANDS ON HIS *FEET*.

THOUGH FOR A WHILE THERE, AT *AMERTEK*, I WASN'T SO SURE.

W-W-WHAT HAPPENED?

HE WAS MY COLLEAGUE THERE, TO FULFILL A *MILITARY CONTRACT*.

...HE INVENTED A POWERFUL NEW WEAPON HE CALLED THE *BG-60*...

...AND PROTOTYPES OF THE WEAPON WERE PRODUCED FOR *TEST-ING*.

EVERYTHING WAS FINE UNTIL HE WAS ORDERED TO *QUARAC* BY AMERTEK'S COLONEL WESTON...

...TO VIEW THE *EFFECTIVENESS* OF THE WEAPONS AGAINST KURDISH REBELS...



SOME OF THOSE *VICTIMS* WERE INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THE DESIGN WAS COMPLETED FOR *OUR MILITARY*. WHAT ARE *BG-60s* DOING IN *QUARAC*?

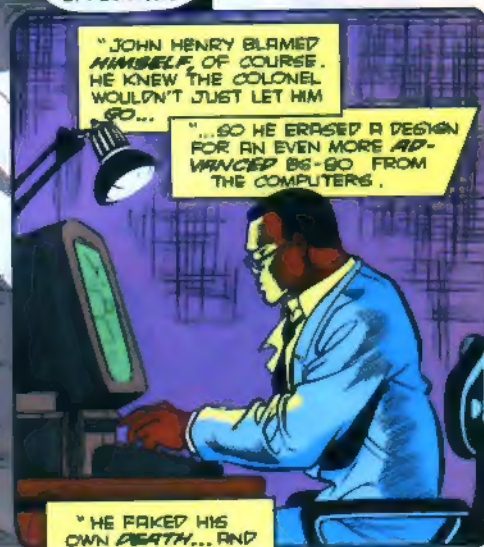
HOWEVER THEY GOT OUT, THEY'VE HAD THEIR *FIELD TEST*.



AND THEY'RE *EFFECTIVE*, SON. *VERY EFFECTIVE*.

"JOHN HENRY BLAMED *HIMSELF*, OF COURSE. HE KNEW THE COLONEL WOULDN'T JUST LET HIM *GO*...

"...SO HE ERASED A DESIGN FOR AN EVEN MORE *ADVANCED* *BG-60* FROM THE COMPUTERS.



"HE FAKED HIS OWN *DEATH*... AND *DISAPPEARED*."

I, OF COURSE, RECOVERED THE DESIGN. AND THE REST IS HISTORY.

TH-TH-THE WHITE RABBIT MANUFACTURED THE DESIGNS...CALLING THEM TOAST-MASTERS...

...AND SOLD THEM ON THE STREET.

I SOLD THEM IN QUARAC.

WHICH LED TO A CONFRONTATION WITH STEEL AND MY APPARENT DEATH.

AND ALTHOUGH I'D LOVE TO FACE HIM AGAIN, IT'S BEST THAT WE STILL BELIEVE ME DEAD.

AT LEAST FOR NOW, WE CAN PROCEED WITH OUR BUSINESS...

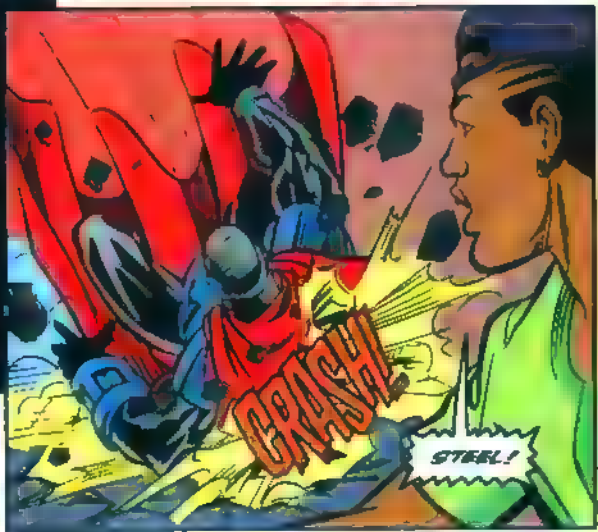
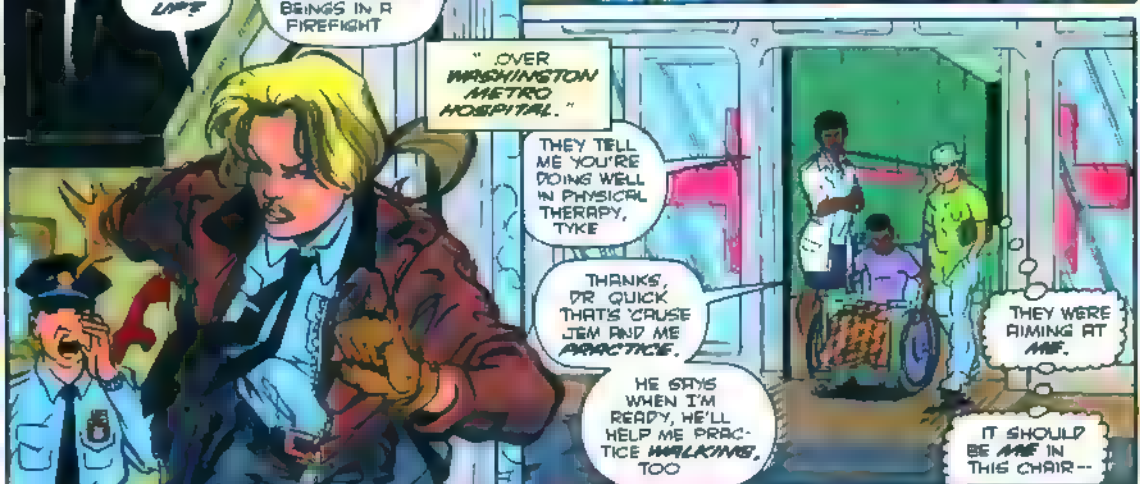
...IN PEACE.

POW!

UNF!

SOME CHICK IS TAKING STEEL APART! FRANKIE--





THREE AGAINST
ONE! NOT BAD
ODDS BUT
SMELLSHOCK'S
DEVASTATING!
TIRED--

HEY,
STEEL!
YOU'RE
COMING
WITH
ME!

NOT IF
I CAN
HELP IT!

THUNK!

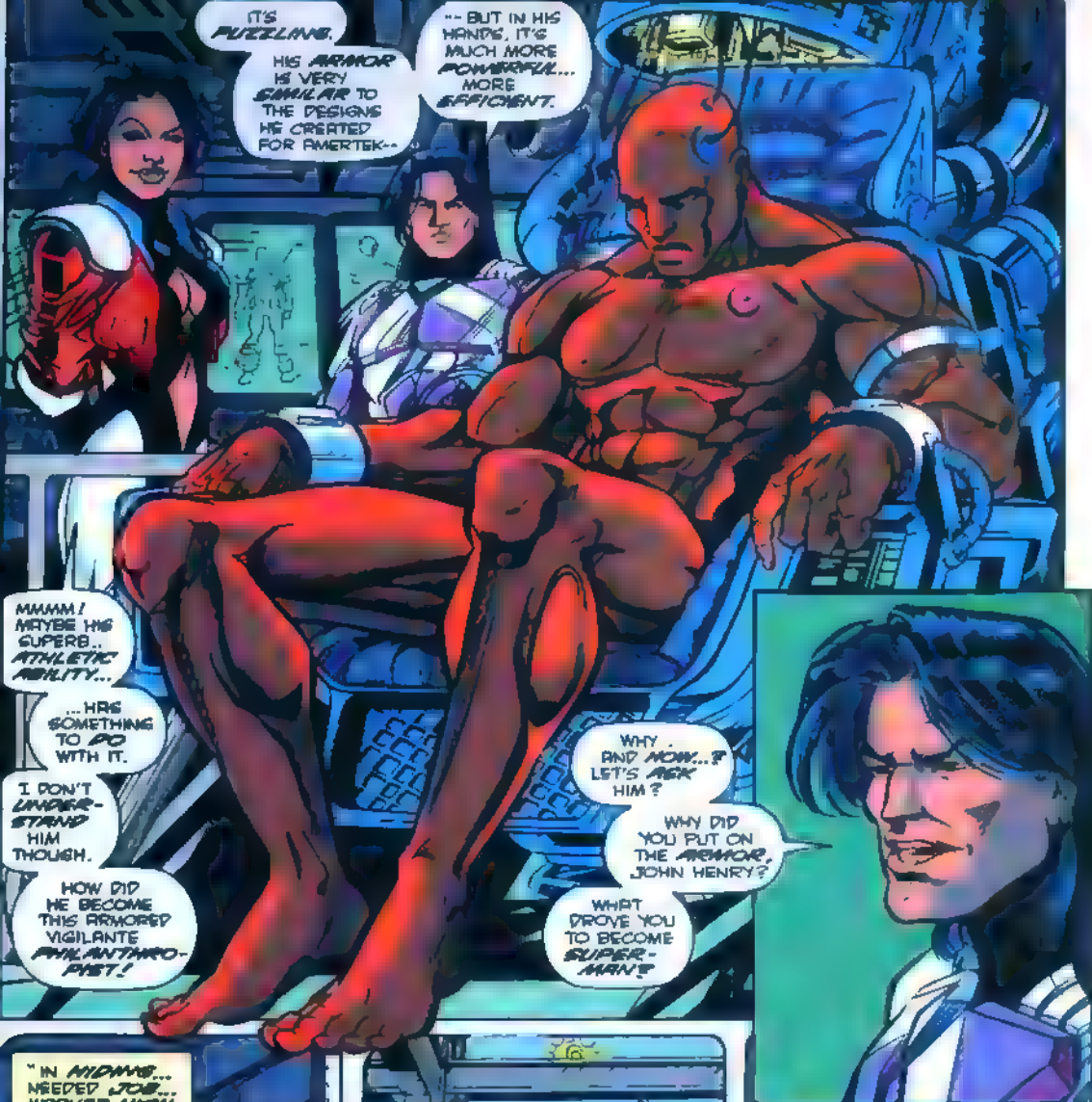
OW!

GOOD
SHOT,
KID! NOW,
IT'S MY
TURN!

THOOOM!

BOUGHT
UNCLE STEEL
SOME TIME!
HOPE HE MAKES
IT COUNT!





IT'S PUZZLING.

HIS ARMOR IS VERY SIMILAR TO THE DESIGNS HE CREATED FOR AMERTEK--

-- BUT IN HIS HANDS, IT'S MUCH MORE POWERFUL... MORE EFFICIENT.

MAAAA! MAYBE HIS SUPERB... ATHLETIC ABILITY...

...HRS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM THOUGH.

HOW DID HE BECOME THIS ARMORED VIGILANTE PHIL ANTHRO-PIST?

WHY... AND HOW...? LET'S ASK HIM?

WHY DID YOU PUT ON THE ARMOR, JOHN HENRY?

WHAT DROVE YOU TO BECOME SUPER-HUMAN?

"IN MIDDY... NEEDED JOB... WORKED HIGH STEEL.

"BAD MEMORIES... PARENTS... DEAD QUARCI... ALWAYS ON MY MIND

"FRIEND PETE SKYWALKER'D BEEN PULLING LOTS OF OVERTIME...

"GRABBED A CABLE... SWUNG OUT AND GRABBED HIM

"... GOT HIM ONTO THE PLATFORM.

"... AN' HE GOT CLUMSY. CAUGHT HIS FOOT AND FELL.



"HOOK
HOLDING THE
CABLE CAME
LOOSE I
STARTED TO
FALL."

"THINGS I'D DONE...
THINGS I WAS *SORRY*
FOR FLASHED
THROUGH MY MIND

"FIGURED I'D NEVER
GET THE CHANCE TO
PUT THINGS *RIGHT*."

"THEN...
SUPERMAN
SAVED ME

I OWE
YOU MY
LIFE.

THEN
MAKE IT
COUNT
FOR SOME-
THING

"AND JUST LIKE THAT I
ADDED. I'D USE THE LIFE
HE GAVE ME BACK TO DO
SOME *GOOD*."

SUPERMAN
SAVED HIM
SO *WHAT?*

IF *EVERY-*
BODY SUPERMAN
SAVED HIM
TURNED
INTO A SUPER-
HERO...

.. THERE'D
BE NO CRIME
ANYWHERE.



IT'S LUCKY FOR US,
THAT *ISN'T USUALLY*
THE WAY IT WORKS
OUT.

THEN...
WHY DID IT
WORK THAT
WAY FOR *HIM?*

LOOK AT THE
SCREEN.
WE'VE SEEN ONLY
PART OF THE
ANSWER

"THEN DOOMSDAY SMASHED HIS WAY INTO METROPOLIS."

"THE FOREMAN CLEARED THE BUILDING."

"BUT AN EXPLOSION COLLAPSED THE BUILDING."

"WHEN THE BATTLE BETWEEN HIM AND SUPERMAN MOVED NEARBY..."

"I SNATCHED UP A SLEDGE-HAMMER AND RUSHED DOWN TOWARD THE FIGHT."

"AND I WAS BURIED, WHEN I FINALLY CLAWED MY WAY OUT I LEARNED THE TRUTH --"

"--DOOMSDAY'D DIED IN THE BATTLE... BUT SO HAD SUPERMAN."

"SUPERMAN HAD SAVED ME NOW I WAS GONNA HELP HIM."

"STILL OWED HIM MY LIFE, SO I DECIDED I'D TRY TO TAKE HIS PLACE."

"DO WHAT HE WOULD HAVE WANTED, SO I REFASHIONED THE ARMOR..."

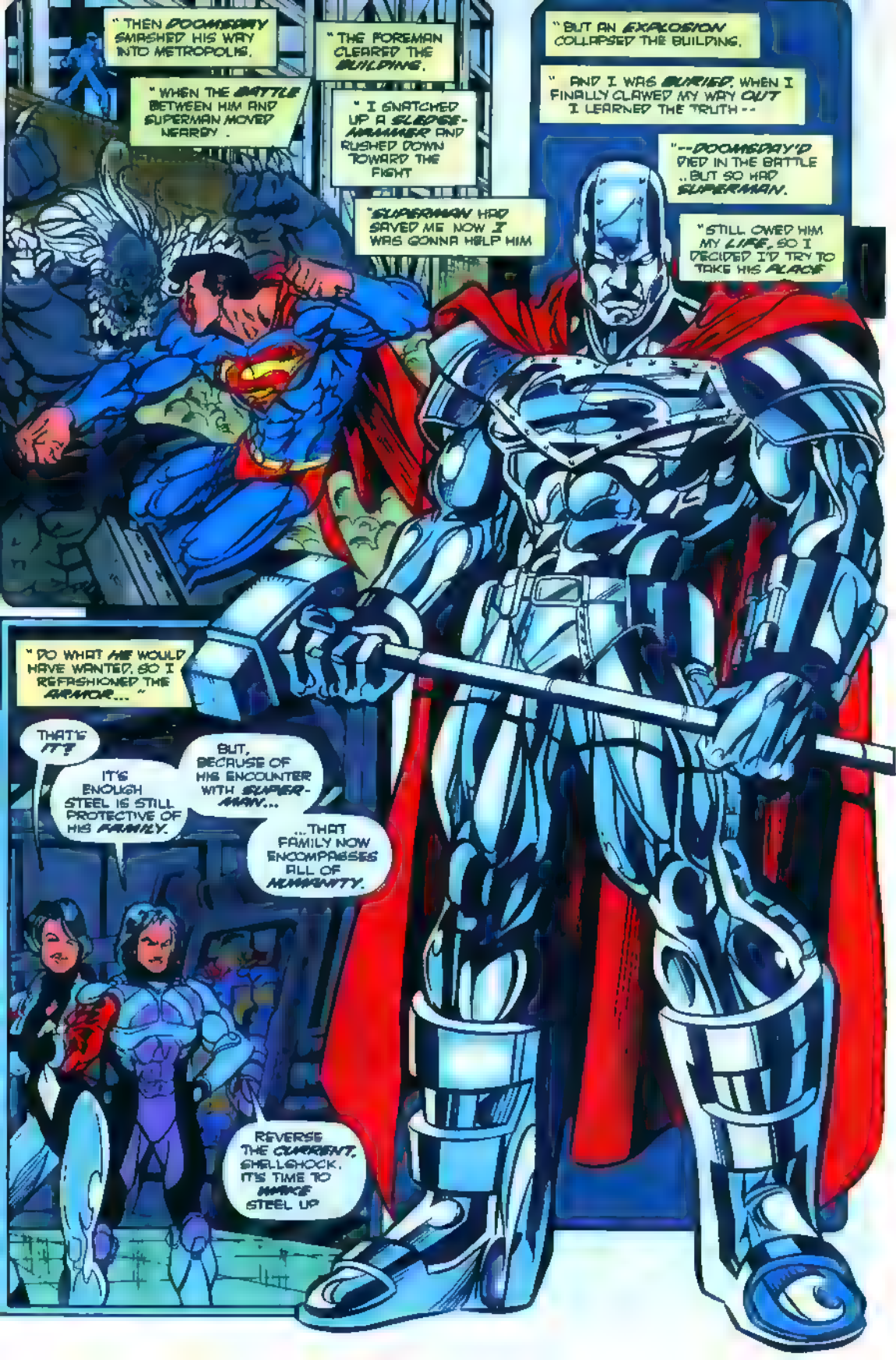
THAT'S IT?

IT'S ENOUGH STEEL IS STILL PROTECTIVE OF HIS FAMILY.

BUT, BECAUSE OF HIS ENCOUNTER WITH SUPERMAN...

...THAT FAMILY NOW ENCOMPASSES ALL OF HUMANITY.

REVERSE THE CURRENT, SHELLSHOCK, IT'S TIME TO MAKE STEEL UP





YOU'RE A
BRILLIANT
INVENTOR,
JOHN HENRY
IRONS

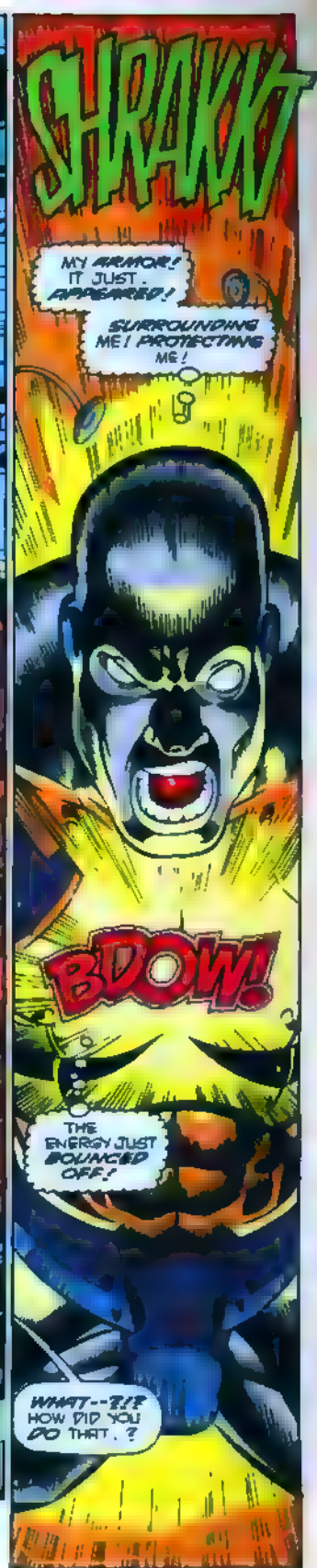
AND A
FINE
WARRIOR.

I DON'T SUPPOSE
I COULD CONVINCE
YOU TO JOIN MY
ORGANIZATION?

NOT A
CHANCE,
HAZARD

THEN I
WISH YOU
WELL IN THE
NEXT
WORLD..

... BECAUSE
THE LAST
THING THIS
WORLD NEEDS
IS ANOTHER
SUPERMAN.



SHRAKKT

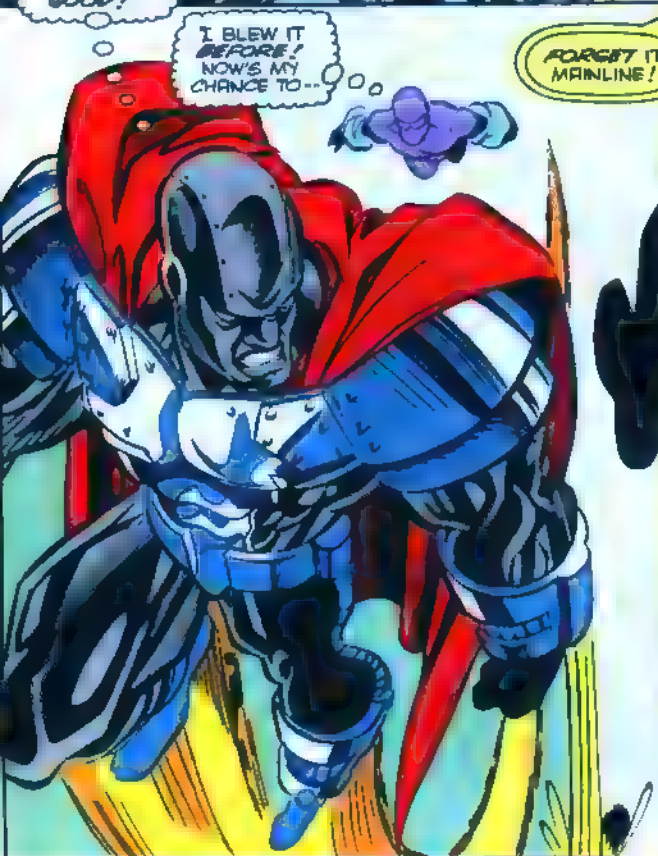
MY ARMOR!
IT JUST
APPEARED!

SURROUNDING
ME! PROTECTING
ME!

BDOW!

THE
ENERGY JUST
BOUNCED
OFF!

WHAT--??
HOW DID YOU
DO THAT, ?







YOU'RE
BACK!

QUICK
AS I COULD
MANAGE!
SORRY,
BOSS, IT
WAS HIM
OR ME.

STEEL IS
ONE OF THE
GOOD GUYS,
SPLIT. HE
WOULDN'T
HAVE KILLED
YOU.

AND
HE'LL HAVE
TO FLY A
LONG WAY
TO GET
HOME.

IT WAS
AMAZING
WHAT HE
DID WITH HIS
ARMOR.

I SAW NO
MECHANISM
THAT WOULD
ACCOUNT
FOR IT.

I WONDER
HOW HE
DID IT?

HE
MIGHT
HAVE
HURT
ME,
THOUGH.

BUT DON'T
WORRY, I
PORTED
HIM FAR
AWAY.

HE HAS
NO MORE
IDEA WHERE
THE LAB IS
NOW THAN
BEFORE HE
CAME HERE.

WHILE NOT FAR
AWAY, IN A BLOOD-
SPATTERED ROOM...

ALL RIGHT,
ROSIE. DO YOU
SENSE ANY-
THING ABOUT
OUR SERIAL
KILLER?

I SEE...
A BADGE,
LIEUTENANT.
A POLICEMAN'S
BADGE.

YES, INDEED,
DETECTIVE
CARROLL. I
FIND THAT
SUCH
HOSTILITY...

...CAUSES
MARKED IN-
TERFERENCE...

THAT'S IT?
OF ALL THE
WORTHLESS...
YOU'RE SUR-
ROUNDED
BY COPS.

WE MAY
BE FORCED
TO INVOLVE
HIS FAMILY
IN THIS, AFTER
ALL.



"...ON THE
ETHEREAL
PLANE!"

WHERE
THE HECK AM
I? COLORADO?
ARIZONA?

SEEMS
LIKE THE
FIRST ROUND
ENDED IN A
TIE!

BUT THE
FIGHT'S
NOT OVER
YET!

HAZARD
MENTIONED
HAZARD WAS
A PRIVATE SPY
SATELLITE.

IF I
CAN
LOCATE
IT...

... IT MAY
LEAD ME TO
HAZARD'S HEAD-
QUARTERS.

I'M ALIVE
BECAUSE MY
ARMOR
INEXPLICABLY
SURROUNDED
ME.

IT'S NEVER
DONE THAT
BEFORE! BUT
THEN... I NEVER
NEEDED IT
TO.

HOW
DID IT
HAPPEN? AND
WHY?

I GUESS
IT WILL GIVE
ME SOMETHING
TO THINK
ABOUT...

...ON MY
LONG
FLIGHT
HOME!

NEXT MONTH:
MURDER IN D.C.!